simulating illness, he told me some tricks of his trade. A big dose of bromine causes a rash similar to that characteristic of typhus; a mixture of cocaine and ipecacuanha provokes a high temperature; inhaling smoke from a cigarette made of tea is good to complete the clinical picture. Next, Duvin taught me how to get the proper pulse beat and "adjust" the temperature reading. The trouble, however, was that all the drugs dilated the pupil of the eye. Duvin therefore advised me to keep my eyes closed during the medical inspection and warned, "If something goes wrong, don't blame me. Medicine is a dark science!"

Duvin obtained the required medicine from a friendly doctor in the city through a guard, and we set the day for the experiment. On its eve, I told Pavel of my plan. "I hope you will succeed," he said mildly. "I shall look for some other way." He had thought of a similar plan. Since escape was a matter of life or death for him, I offered him my drugs but he refused them. Finally we agreed that I would wait for him in the barracks.

Before midnight Duvin gave me a spoonful of bromine and half a glass of the cocaine and ipecacuanha mixture. I waited on my straw sack for the medicine to take effect, but nothing happened—my pulse was strong and even. Duvin seemed embarrassed. "Medicine," he repeated, "is a dark science. Whatever dose the doctor prescribes, it is safe to take three times as much."

He gave me two spoonfuls of the mixture. Pacing the chamber, I felt increasingly dizzy but my pulse showed no change. "Give me some more!" I demanded. He handed me the flask.

Again I paced the room. My teeth chattered, my feet became so heavy that I could not move them. Duvin pressed a tea cigarette between my lips. Its taste was abominable—I still remember it, and that is why I have never taken up smoking. Duvin helped me to my plank bed. My toes were freezing, as if they had been plunged into ice water. The cold rose to my knees and thighs. My whole body was paralyzed. I had a strange impersonal feeling that the end was approaching. Then I fainted.

In the morning Duvin took me to the prison hospital with a temperature of 107°. The assistant surgeon, Pushkin, recognized typhus at once. That afternoon the prison physician confirmed his diagnosis, adding, "If the temperature does not fall, prepare the sheet for my signature." The next day the sheet was signed. The corridor cleaners carried me to the prison gate on a stretcher; two convoy soldiers lifted me into a droshky and took their places on the front seat.

Spring was in the air. The trees were covered with a green mist of buds. Although I was fully conscious, I let the soldiers carry me